

七夜ネ!

Campione SSI



The Imprisoned Campione

Kusanagi Godou.

Japanese nationality, sixteen years old, male.

He, from the Jounan Academy High School Division, did not think of himself as the type that particularly stood out.

His personality was on the gentler side, more or less.

He was not like those who enjoyed making a racket in the middle of class, nor was he a pupil who often voiced his opinions out loud. It wasn't that he was bad at associating with people or was an eccentric.

Looks wise, he was ordinary.

According to his fault-finding sister, 'If he works harder he should be able to become even better, but it's because he's been slacking that he's the way he is now'. And to Erica Blandelli, his 'partner' with whom he already had an inseparable relationship, 'His physique isn't bad, but he's lacking in the charisma and majesty departments'.

His results were above average. His forte was in arts and humanities, whereas he did not do well in science.

He had confidence in his physical abilities, but not in the same way as those Olympic athletes.

In actual fact, he possessed an inexplicable power that went against the laws of nature, but what could only be said of him in the context of this school was that he was a perfectly normal student.

Which is why, [mediocre] and [moderate]... that sort of expression was probably appropriate for him.

— *Hey, Kusanagi. What kind of person do you think you are?*

One day during break time, in the classroom of the first year's fifth class.

In the face of that question from his peers, Godou did not answer.

At that time, the ones that happened to be present were Takagi, Nanami and Sorimachi.

The three of them were the same; from the fifth class of the first years. Then, the three of them together, for some reason, stared strangely at Godou's face.... *What's up with that bizarre look you're giving me?*

It was the expression of peasants suffering under heavy taxation and oppressive rule, who were glaring at the responsible tyrant in anger and infuriation. With enmity in their hearts, the eyes that revealed the endured fury within. Like a blade with a seemingly dull edge, it was a dangerous look —

It was exactly like that description.

"... Hey, are you listening?"

"... Yeah, he heard you. This guy does not understand his own situation at all. This bastard king!"

"... The usual plan, as I thought it seems that we have to proceed with it, eh."

Then, they started to whisper and murmur to each other.

"Oi, what are you guys talking about in secret? Also about that question, was there some meaning behind it?"

"Don't be concerned with such insignificant details, Kusanagi. This score must be settled!"

"Hahaha, what are you *saying*[\[1\]](#). Forget what was just said, Kusanagi. Don't assume that there's a moon every night!"

"Oi oi, you let your true feelings slip, control yourselves a little more. By retributive justice, the devil ought to die!"

".... Are you alright, guys? You all look seriously weird."

Godou asked worriedly.

However, they did not answer him, simply returning to their own seats with dark expressions on their faces.

— After school, on the same day as that event.

Kusanagi Godou was abruptly, kidnapped and confined.

"— With that, let us begin the first commission of inquiry on that son of a bitch Kusanagi Godou who has monopolized the two great bishoujos of the campus. Everyone, are you ready?"

"No problem! Let us pass the judgment of righteousness on Kusanagi Godou, enemy of the unpopular!"

"Agreed! We, based on the impartial ideology of love collectivism, cast our blame upon the bourgeoisie[2] that hog the wealth unjustly!"

That day, Godou was on duty.

He needed to just collect the printouts to be submitted that day and place them on the teacher-in-charge's desk in the staff room. Finishing that task, he returned to the first year's fifth class classroom.

It was on the way back that the act of kidnapping was carried out decisively.

In a place where there was no one close by, Godou was covered head-first with a large jute bag.

No matter how much he struggled with his arms and legs, it was useless. Godou was then lifted up by a few people, and brought away like that. To make matters worse, his limbs were all bound by duct tape, his movements restrained.

And then, the one who removed the bag from his head, before him —

It was a room with windows that were covered by black curtains, blocking out the sunlight, a classroom somewhere in the school. The lights were off, and it was pitch-dark.

The only source of light was the torchlight that someone was holding.

With just that, it was difficult to understand the situation.

But Godou had night-vision on par with an owl's, and with that he surveyed the surroundings. Perhaps, it was an empty classroom that was not often used.

That could be surmised from the fact that there were no desks arranged in the classroom.

And, the shape of the three people before him —

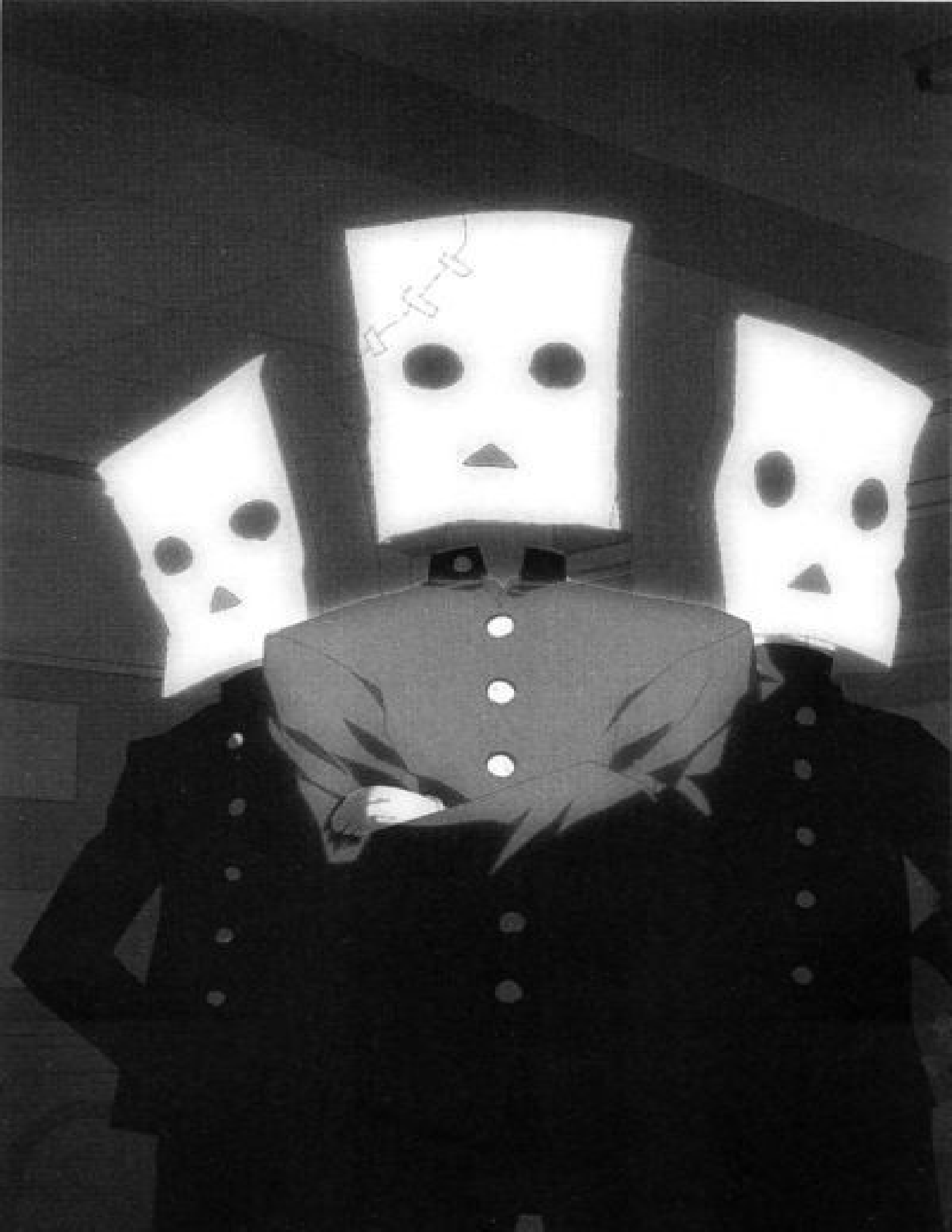
They had paper bags over their heads. There were openings in said paper bags, slits for their eyes.

He could not discern their identities by just that. *Just who were they?* They, who had captured and subsequently confined him. He had no clue who they were exactly, but he could guess. At last, have the people from the magic associations infiltrated into the school?

Even so, Kusanagi Godou was a [King].

Having undertaken such bold measures, could it be that someone powerful was pulling the strings behind this?

They were also thoroughly prepared, dressed in the correct High School Division uniform. And on their head were paper bags. Only the eyes and mouth regions were cut open. Like this, their identities could not be discerned....



Godou remembered something about the voices earlier, and looking at their stature, he realized.

"What are you doing, Takagi. Over there, are Nanami and Sorimachi, right?"

"F-fool! We do not go by those kinds of names!"

"Yea, yeah. We are absolutely not classmates with a bastard like you!"

"Yes, we are the Gang of Justice, those who lament over the state of the country, and love the nation! Do not misunderstand!"

The trio proclaimed, evidently in a panic.

"How should I say this... I didn't think you guys were this stupid. As of now, your crimes are still forgivable. Kindly release me."

Filled with pity and amazement, Godou advised.

At any rate, why do I have to suffer something like this?

"Keh! This guy, from the look in his eyes, he thinks that he's being confined under false charges!"

One of the idiot trio shined his torchlight right in Godou's face, and spat out.

As I thought, that was Takagi's voice.

"Calm down. We have plenty of time. To this insolent asshole, without rushing, let us tell him the true severity of his sins!"

Almost like an 'underling A' type of character entering onto the stage in some historical play. This should be Nanami.

"Aaah, let us teach this guy a lesson or two. In the place of God, we shall pass judgment over him!"

And this was the trademark phrase of the hero protagonist. The voice belonged to Sorimachi.

"... Although I don't really get what's going on, but I understand your determination. First, remove the tape, and then we'll talk this over peacefully, ok?"

"Kukuku. You bastard, it seems you still do not understand your current position."

One of the idiot trio, probably Sorimachi, declared.

"What we seek, is not to talk things over with a bastard like you! This is judgment!"

"... J-judgment?"

"Kusanagi Godou! You are a bastard who toys with the hearts and desires, the bodies of the two great bishoujos of the school, the tyrant managing a harem! For that crime, you deserve certain death!"

".... What?"

Godou felt the sensation of giddiness, hearing Sorimachi's accusation.

The two great bishoujos. Harem. What on earth were these guys talking about?

"Comrade T[3]! Read out loud, the first of Kusanagi Godou's crimes!"

"Ooh! ... Number one, the accused, was involved with the blond goddess who possesses a transcendent body, at various locations — t-the classroom, the campus, the roadside, before the general public! Flirting while clinging together, confirming their love, and yet he insists that there is nothing going on between him and Erica-sama!"

"Ngh! That crime, is something inexcusable!"

"No objections! Kusanagi Godou deserves certain death!"

... Godou was stunned.

Up till now, he had been stunned, but that last exchange was the final confirmation he needed. How should he put it, it was simply overwhelmingly retarded. He had keenly realized just how genuinely moronic these guys were.

It was unnecessary to play along with this kind of stupid skit.

He threw out his chest, and with resolution, he felt that it was a conversation that was best ignored.

With regards to this matter, Kusanagi Godou did not carry any guilty conscience, but in actual fact, although it was a case of sour grapes, the circumstances might justify this lie.

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"Hey, Godou..."

The sunlight of the evening sunset shone in from the window, dyeing the after school classroom in a shade of orange. At this time, there were only two students left. Namely, the pair comprising of Kusanagi Godou and Erica Blandelli.

"Now, we're all alone in this place... Fufu, isn't it somewhat lovely? Although it's always crowded with people, it's just the two of us here? I think that this is very luxurious, don't you agree?"

The bishoujo with slightly reddish blond hair said, while gazing up at Godou's face with seemingly moist eyes.

Yes, a bishoujo.

Erica Blandelli was undeniably an extraordinarily beautiful maiden. If one were to ask a hundred people, all of them would undoubtedly acknowledge this fact.

However, her looks were not the only extraordinary part about her.

Smart, strong, having great confidence in herself, and furthermore, she was a tactician. On top of her beauty, she had absolute confidence in her own abilities, and Godou could strongly feel her presence, more than any other bishoujo he knew.

"Then, let me ask you a question. The two of us, sharing such a lovely time and place together, what do you think we should be doing now?"

"H-how about obediently going home like good students?"

"Of course I'll reject that... Hmph, with such a heart-thumping scene like this, what kind of absurdity are you saying, Godou. If you weren't you, I'd tear off that mouth so that you wouldn't be able to say that kind of thing a second time."

While on top of Godou's lap, Erica whispered softly.

The words themselves were brutal, but her tone was absurdly sweet.

Moreover, what she was sitting on, was not the chair.

Upon Kusanagi Godou's lap, her soft, tender thighs and bottom were placed. Moreover, both her arms were wrapped around Godou's neck, and she snuggled up against him.

... To say in advance, Godou had been strongly against being in this posture.

However, there were reasons as to why this was the case.

First, the legs. Erica's supple legs were entwined around Godou's lap. The tightness of this clamp, was almost like a latch.

Next, the neck. Resembling white snakes, her slender hands could instantly break Godou's neck should she feel like it. Also, she could certainly constrict his carotid artery — and render him unconscious.

He could be rendered unconscious, in front of Erica who was prepared to assault him.

That would be a foolish action, much like trying to climb a wintry mountain nude. No matter what happened after, he would not be able to make any excuses or complaints.

Erica Blandelli, Italian, sixteen years old. Possessing an attractive face and figure, a brilliant mind, amazingly athletic, she was surely a superhuman. However, with regards to any form of domestic chores, she couldn't and would not do them. And lastly, one who had joke-like titles such as [Witch] and [Knight].

.... That kind of girl's moist lips were, approaching Godou's own.

What to do? What do I want to do? What should I do? Godou's mental state was caught in a whirlpool of chaos. In the face of this unavoidable threat, he wanted to escape from reality.

In the horror novels he had once read, there would be a monologue in this kind of extreme situation. Afterwards, he would see a white figure outside the window, and then a black monster would show up there. And finally, it would be a bad end-like ending.

In order to gain victory over this impending pressure, Godou looked out towards the window.

Aah. Outside the window, outside the window — !



... There was no way there would be anything there, and then Godou was toyed around by Erica, just like that. Their tongues overlapping, he ended up amply tasting her mint-flavored lip gloss.

This was an incident that had happened two days ago.



"Reporting! I saw it. It was yesterday, after school, in a deserted classroom, this guy was ki-ki-ki-ki-kissed by Erica-sama! With all their strength, a s-s-super deep one!"

"W-whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat!?"

Godou, who was strongly reminded of that, became flustered.

For someone to have witnessed that scene, it was simply... However, he was not pushed down. Only a kiss with the meeting of their lips, he had desperately defended himself from sinking any further.

That was why, with regards to having a guilty conscience... of course, he did have it, but somehow, he had been able to overcome that problem and regain his tranquility.

However, at the moment Godou had been secretly relieved, he was asked something like this.

"Kusanagi. You, could it be that you've progressed even further than that with Erica-sama?"

Progressed even further?

It was an ambiguous expression. As was expected, just how far — no, what exactly had he been referring to?

Godou racked his brains out over that.

In the three months that he had come under Erica's fierce assaults, he had desperately resisted her approach. His life flashed before his eyes (Although he was not particularly on the verge of death), and he recalled it.

That kind of thing, this kind of thing, and also those kinds of things had happened before.

.... Hm, well, in some way or another, it felt like he had managed to obstinately resist crossing the line. Forcibly agreeing with himself, Godou could barely manage a reply.

"... Hey you, don't accuse me of such strange doings. It's true that Erica and I have been rather overly daring in certain areas, but there really isn't any suspicious relationship between us. Believe me."

"Comrade N, how long did he take for that reply?"

"According to my stopwatch, it was 8.3 seconds. From his silence until he had said, 'Hey you, don't accuse me', that amount of time has been confirmed."

"From the statistics, that timing is extremely suspicious.... Indeed, suspicious."

"No, what kind of statistics do you mean by 'statistics'? In the first place, why did you expressly go out of your way to measure that kind of time!"

Ignoring Godou's outcry, the idiot trio gave him a look of contempt and jealousy.

He could not be bothered with them any longer, and needed to escape. Though determined, Godou's limbs were still bound, and there was naught he could do about it.

The other party was comprised of normal civilians. In this case, he could neither utilize his superhuman strength nor teleportation.

Godou, who had several superpowers, could only demonstrate them when facing against a powerful enemy or in certain situations.

".... That is indeed a grave problem to be considered, but we'll go further into that later. Next up on the agenda, Kusanagi Godou's sin number two!"

"Ooh! Allow me to read that out loud!"

The voice which had responded immediately belonged to Sorimachi.

"Kusanagi, though you bear the sin of monopolizing the two great bishoujos, you have also committed another unforgivable great sin. That is the coldness you have shown to your [Imouto]! I blame your stupidity, you bastard who lacks an Imouto fetish!"

".... Imouto?"

Godou was confused. Why did Sorimachi (presumed) suddenly mention 'Imouto'?

"Ngh, it's come to this..."

"As expected of Comrade S, the man who possesses 108 Imoutos in the 2D world... A tenacity to always have 'Imoutos' on his mind, any time of the day, truly we should respect and endeavor to become like him...."

The other two of the idiot trio were greatly impressed. Seriously, these guys were hard to understand.

"Hey Kusanagi. Being so cruel to the Shizuka-chan who is always coming to the classroom, aren't you embarrassed of your own behavior? Don't you consider that to be sinful!?"

".... I didn't really treat her cruelly. It was normal."



Godou's sister — Kusanagi Shizuka was a third-year student from Jounan Academy's Middle School Division.

For some reason, she had appeared on the rooftop above the classrooms of the High School Division, tagging along with him.

"... Onii-chan, recently you've been extremely dishonest."

And then suddenly, she had thrown out that line, her mood seemingly bad.

By the way, Shizuka's areas of determination were impressive, as she was a sweet girl in the first place.

Perhaps in the near future, she might become a beauty just like their mother of the Kusanagi household. Even if she were only fourteen as of now, she was already said to greatly resemble their mother.

"Why? Although I haven't been particularly very honest, it shouldn't be to the point where my sister is accusing me of dishonesty?"

"Nonsense, why don't you try saying that one more time once you've taken a good look around you!?"

Speaking of which, the conversation took place while they were currently having lunch on the rooftop.

Since June, Godou had been spending his lunch breaks on the rooftop.

He did not spend the time alone. From the same class, Erica was seated next to him, her expression saying that it was perfectly natural of her to do so, and on the other side — was a schoolgirl with black hair tinged with a hue of chestnut, Mariya Yuri.

Together with these two girls, they spent their lunch break on the rooftop having lunch.

It has been Godou's daily routine, recently. Adding Shizuka on top of that.... Just what exactly was dishonest about this situation?

"May I ask what's wrong, Shizuka-san? Indeed, Godou-san... cannot be said to have perfectly irreproachable conduct, but I feel that he is adequately honest. It would not be good to speak of your Onii-sama in that manner"

Yuri gently chided her, while smiling.

Occasionally dignified, while during other times she could exhibit the intensity of a yasha, but normally she was a refined, tidy Ojou-sama. And above all else, beautiful.

Mariya Yuri could stand shoulder-to-shoulder against Erica as a bishoujo.

However, from an onlooker's point of view, one would feel that Yuri did not possess a degree of glamour comparable to that of Erica's. In place of that difference, Yuri was more of the kind that would cause you to be attracted the more you look at her.

For example, the lovely yet unseen mountain cherry blossoms that bloomed in profusion.

That was Mariya Yuri.

"But, that's true. Just as Shizuka-san had said, it might be better if Godou-san became a little more honest... Up till now,



you have caused me to worry to no ends. Your relationships with friends, your relationships with girls, your normal actions, Godou-san, you ought to take another good look at your surroundings, hm?"

"You're strict as ever, Mariya..."

Godou grumbled, in response to Yuri who had said that demurely.

She was not your normal Ojou-sama. Her other identity was that of a Musashino Hime-Miko that served to guard the entire district of Kanto spiritually. The possessor of a clairvoyance-like ability, her powers were acknowledged even by Erica.

And, she was a friend who supported Godou after finding out about his troublesome situation.

After the incident in June, his relations with Yuri had improved greatly. The girl, who had been nothing but harsh and severe to him at first, could now crack such jokes with him. And then, when their gazes crossed, smiling, they could understand the minds of the other.

Being able to communicate without needing to say much — they had built up such a comfortable relationship.

"O-Onii-chan! And Mariya-san too, stop being in your own worlds when the two of you are looking into each other's eyes! That kind of thing is dishonest, imprudent! Mariya-san, don't allow yourself to get cheated by a guy like Onii-chan! Please be more wary!"

"Ara? Shizuka-san, what is not allowed, and what should I be wary of?"

"That's right Shizuka, we totally don't understand what you're trying to say. You have to be more straightforward."

Against Shizuka's complaint, Godou and Yuri refuted in unison.

They did not plan this in advance, it was merely by chance. However, that kind of timing and the synchronization of their actions was uncanny.

"... Well, what Shizuka-san wanted to say was dishonest was this. The status quo of being flanked by two beauties, me and Yuri, at all times."

Erica interjected, giggling.

Since the start when Shizuka had been voicing out her grievances, she had pretended to be only a bystander.

"The quiet, unsociable Onii-sama that you've always been monopolizing since before High School is now being waited upon by girls like this, causing you to want to say that... Well, it's not that I don't understand how you feel."

"E-E-E-E-E-Erica-san, please don't get a strange misunderstanding!"

There was such an impression of Shizuka becoming unusually flustered, after being told that in a know-it-all air —

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"No-normal? You bastard, are you trying to say that you can only act normally to a sister like that!?"

"But, that's how it is. I think we get along well, even as a high school student and a middle school student, we're still pretty close."

In the many times where the parents had been absent during their childhood, no matter where he went he had always brought his sister along.

Reminiscing, Godou felt nostalgic.

Continuing to do so after the siblings had hit puberty, it would be very awkward... Perhaps Shizuka's constant tagging alongside him recently was because of nostalgia, too?

"Kuhaa!?"

As though smashed over the head by a blunt weapon, Sorimachi cried out.

It seemed as though he had suffered a great shock from Godou's reply.

"Get a hold of yourself, Comrade S!"

"I-I'll be fine. More importantly, we have to make clear the crimes of Kusanagi. Listen well, Kusanagi, what you say is normal, a real Imouto being [normal], when she's so very cute! Which part of that do you not understand!"

"..... Huh?"

Godou faltered before this outcry from Sorimachi, about the truths of this world.

"Yep, just as Comrade S has mentioned! On the contrary, your sarcasm is unbearable!"

"Agreed! Shizuka-chan is, for sure, the model of a tsundere Imouto. 'Onii-chan you idiot, it'll be great if you were a little more concerned about me... but I love you....'"

"Comrades, thank you thank you! Yes, this is Imouto moe. Imouto moe!"

These guys, did they drink themselves drunk?

Before the idiot trio's rousing cheers, Godou suspected that they were either drunk or on drugs. And, although this was rather inconsequential, Takagi's purposeful usage of girly abusive language was disgusting. If he were to point this out, that guy would undoubtedly be dealt quite the blow...

"Well then, it's about time for us to announce the third crime. It is about that incident with Mariya-san."

Nanami suddenly spoke out.

"Ever since middle school, for the longest time, she was known as the number one bishoujo on the campus, and now in high school, after the appearance of Erica-sama, she has become one of the two great bishoujos, her shining charm not fading a single bit, that Mariya Yuri-san, and yet — "

Godou was perplexed. Monopolizing the girls, what false accusations were they trying to make?

"You bastard, how many of these girls have you recently laid your hands on? Averting your gaze whenever you make eye contact with them, and at other times looking into each other's eyes while your cheeks blush red, creating a world belonging to the two of you!"

"I-I saw that too! Kusanagi and Mariya-san were walking side-by-side when their hands suddenly brushed against the others, and then the two of them looked downwards seemingly embarrassed, stopping in their tracks!"

"Shit! This guy is enjoying a life filled with bittersweet love!"

Godou was confused.

He and Yuri shared that kind of odd atmosphere — it seemed like that might have happened before.

It was not that there wasn't anything of that sort in his memories. Thinking back, recently that has always been the case. Could it be that all these occurrences have been noticed by everyone!?

"Hmph, it seems he's aware of it. While flirting openly with Erica-sama, it seems he's entered Mariya-san's route as a side-route. How did he raise this many flags!?"

"In the middle of rushing through the two-timing harem route, hmm — ?"

"You bastard, enjoying all these good experiences by yourself. By our hands, we shall give you a bad ending!"

The idiot trio were howling and shouting. I give up.

He considered how he should persuade them. It was indeed a dead end situation, and just as Godou was wallowing in despair —

With a clank, the door of the classroom was opened. Sunlight immediately illuminated the dark interior, and then, a fair-skinned schoolgirl stepped into the room — it was Mariya Yuri.

"Godou-san, you were here? I've been searching for you."

With a gentle and sweet smile, Yuri said to him. However, upon seeing the figure of the tied-up Godou, her eyebrows were raised in question.

"... What exactly has happened to you? Why are you being bound?"

".... It's a long story, but Takagi, Nanami and Sorimachi here have been busy doing stupid things."

Godou replied, his answer brief and concise. Nevertheless, she had great timing.

She mentioned that she had been searching for him, hence her appearance here was no mere coincidence.

Mariya Yuri was a Hime-Miko that possessed the magical power of [Spirit Vision]. [Somehow], she could find what she was looking for by simply walking around, so this was not surprising.

Yuri rushed to Godou's side, who had fallen onto the floor.

Protecting the defenseless Godou, she declared imposingly towards the idiot trio.

"Although you have hidden your faces, you must be Godou-san's classmates, right? With this act of violence, what are you planning on? Three persons ganging up on a lone male student, is inexcusable barbarism. As a human, know the shame of your deeds!"

She cried out, charmingly so.

In the face of this awe-inspiring rebuke, the idiot trio exchanged glances with each other.

"F-for Mariya-san to intrude upon us in this kind of place!"

"Calm down, we still have the reins over the leadership! That's right, Mariya-san, if you want Kusanagi to be released, then you have to listen to our request! Firstly, a change of dress. Mariya-san who is known to work part-time at a Shinto shrine, we'll have you dress as a Miko-san!"

"Yep, and then we want you to draw a self-portrait in ketchup on omelette rice. A heart shape too!"

"E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-ears, I want you to dig my ears! If possible, a lap pillow too!"

"Hmmm. Then, I'd like you to put on nekomimi. A-and at the end of every sentence, add [Nyan]!"

Some strange things were suggested.

"..... Go-Godou-san, what are those people demanding of me? I feel like they've missed their footing severely, and made a mistake somewhere along their path as a human."

Yuri recoiled, before the disgraceful behavior of the idiot trio.

They were hopeless, Godou understood that fact. The unusual intensity of their delusions, in certain ways was even more terrifying than the fury of the few devil kings in the world.

"No need to push yourself, Mariya. It's dangerous (?) here, find and call Erica here. If it's her.... she'll be able to handle those guys. Probably."

"No way! Abandoning Godou-san and escaping by myself, I cannot do that!"

"Just go! There's no need to worry about me. Prioritize your own safety."

"No. — That time, in the middle of that rain, did I not say it? That I will be with you, through thick and thin. It's different when it is a hopeless situation, but in this case, my help seems like it will be of use. Even if it's me, if I do my best, certainly I ought to be able to help Godou-san out."

Before he noticed, while protecting Godou who was lying on the ground, Yuri had locked her gaze with his firmly.

I'm an idiot. Godou was moved by her zeal, and he changed his mind.

It was too early to give up. He had to believe in this girl's courage and strength more. Alone, it might have been difficult, but together, the two of them would surely be able to overcome any obstacles.

.... While thinking that, he turned his attention to the idiot trio.

They were crying.

Their knees bent, the paper bags worn over their head were wet and dripping with tears.

"Son of a bitch..... In many ways, you son of a bitch!"

"Even in this kind of situation, creating a world meant just for the two of you...."

"Ignoring us, and starting a love comedy by yourselves. Isn't this simply too sorrowful...."

Thus, the stricken idiot trio were rendered powerless, and Kusanagi Godou was released, somehow.

Passing the days with a stable and ordinary school life (according to him), the male student that he was, was in actual fact a godslayer, and bore a title that was conferred to only those who had usurped an authority.

— That title was 'Campione'.

The stories related to the godslayer devil kings, of whom there were only seven in the world, shall be told again in another tale.

Translator's Notes and References

1. **Jump up↑** やがる is attached at the end of this, which is a verb suffix indicating hatred or contempt, which I can't find a good way of inserting in.
2. **Jump up↑** The capitalist class who own most of society's wealth and means of production.
3. **Jump up↑** In case you don't realize this, T = Takagi, S = Sorimachi, N = Nanami

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